within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo v
you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my
of chastity' with rosemary and bayse. E

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather
Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they
better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which
painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou
the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes in
ring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue
eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by in
ted lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars wou
where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and
not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde rec
cles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture t
common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then
for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, w
owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely
ner me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if tha
Master would gaine by me, proclaime that, I can sing, w
sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from
and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this
lous Cittie will yeeld many schollers,

Boult But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and p
tute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can
thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, ther's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, Ile do for thee what I can, come your waies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes and chaunces
Into an honest house, our storie saies;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies;
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed Baud. Leaue we her place
And to her father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea tumbled and tost,
And driuen before the winde, he is arriude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
God *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hies
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit*

Enter Helicanus with two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Helicanus*? he can resolue you. O here he is Sir, there is the Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come aboard, what is your will?